

"Lightning gleams the darkness swallowed,
Loud, deep and long, the thunder bellowed."

The erstwhile calm pool was now like a boiling caldron. Here was Nature at war. Flash was following flash, amid a continuous roar of thunder as an accompaniment. He stood beneath a sturdy maple with his back against the sheltered side of the trunk, when a terrific crash came, and Yoder knew no more. The tree under which he stood had been struck, and he was stunned by the bolt.

A common fear had brought the aged couple and the young wife into close and friendly relations once more. As soon as the storm passed, the father and the young wife with lantern in hand began a search for the missing one. With feminine pre-science, Annie led the way to the swimming hole. In dread she clung to the father's arm as they entered the woods. Fallen branches and even fallen trees made their progress difficult. At last they reached the pool, and there beneath the stricken maple lay the prostrate man.

On seeing him, she gave vent to an agonized shriek, but, recovering her composure, she felt her husband's hand, which was still warm. This cheered and inspired her. With the aid of the lantern she saw that the electric fluid had run down the opposite side of the tree trunk from that on which her husband lay. He was quickly laid on his back, with his head slightly raised. Neither of them knew very well what to do. She tried to cause him to